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January 1, 1962 - Monday

Snowing heavily this morning. Temperature 30°. All hands mobilized to sweep snow off the box bushes, before it freezes and cracks the branches. This is a futile task, in view of the masses of box. By night there was three inches of snow on the ground; the outlook for departure tomorrow is dismal. Poker concluded this evening. The largest amount won was $2.01, the greatest loss was $1.88.

January 2, 1962 - Tuesday

Hurrah! The sun is out. Our surroundings are pure Fairyland. The ecstatic children roll in the snow like dogs.

We left at 1:45 p.m., with snow tires and chains on the dependable 1949 Plymouth stationwagon, and made it to the highway which had been well cleared. The usual experience at Lynchburg; nobody knew how late the train, due to leave at 3:40, would be. We sat in the Virginian Hotel lobby for a while. I snaffled a framed photograph of Robert E. Lee out of an antique shop for Nicky. The Southern cars rolled up at 6 o'clock. What a railroad for passengers. When I was a boy it was not unknown for the train to be 24 hours late between New Orleans and Washington. In those days, we halted at Manassas for supper of fried chicken served on trestle tables alongside the tracks.

REVIEWED BY RKW DATE 6-17-81
OR EDWARD T. LAKE
TS AUTH. REASON(S)
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Anyhow, it has been a heavenly vacation.

January 3, 1962 - Wednesday

Spent a couple of hours this morning in the Department with George Ball and Bob Schaetzel, talking about the Common Market. I left by the noon Congressional for New York City. Journey without incident, except almost four hours for reading.

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